Linoleum

Shai Hulud

Possesions never meant anything to me
I'm not crazy
Well that's not true I've got a bed
And A guitar
And a dog named Bob who pisses on my floor
That's right I've got a floor
So what? So What? So What?
I've got pockets full of lint and holes
Where everything important to me
Just seems to fall right down my leg
And onto the floor
My closest friend, linoleum...linoleum
Supports my head, gives me something to believe
That's me on the beachside combing the sand
Metal meter in my hand
Sportin' a pocket full of change
That's me in the street with a violin under my chin
Playing with a grin
Singin' jibberish
Thats me on the back of the bus
Thats me in the cell
Thats me inside your head
Thats me inside your head

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